

William Lloyd Garrison.

Aged 48.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GROZELIER IN 1854.

ANTI-SLAVERY BOSTON.

By Archibald H. Grimké.

WITHIN the Boston of to-day are contained many Bostons ; for a great city, like a great soul, is a many-sided subject. It too has its epochal experiences, its circle within circle of history, growth, and character. Banyan-tree like, the great city, starting from a single parent stock, branches out ultimately into a whole forest of interrelated and complex facts and forces. The Boston of colonial times is not the Boston of the Revolution, nor is the Boston of the Revolution the Boston of the Anti-

Slavery period. Each possesses a historic interest and distinction all its own. Inspiring and illustrious is the Boston of Otis and Quincy, of Adams and Hancock ; but not less so is the Boston of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, and Parker. The enduring endeavor of these men, their courage, eloquence, and superb devotion to human liberty, make this third epoch of the city's growth as glorious as any chapter of her history. The places whereon the Abolitionists stood and struggled and achieved have become holy ground. To point out,

broadly, the localities and landmarks thus consecrated, and the associations connected with them, is the main purpose of this paper.

young reformer had unfurled the banner of immediate and universal emancipation, in the slave city of Baltimore. The slave power had manifested its resentment by

flinging the prophet into prison. There he had remained seven weeks, a martyr to free speech and the freedom of the press. When his prison door opened, it was upon a man consumed by a supreme, unconquerable purpose. The iron of oppression had entered into his soul and made him one with the slave. There was a gigantic wrong to overthrow, and he, with nothing in his hand save a pen, resolved to overthrow it. He needed, in these circumstances, a place to stand, and he selected Boston. He needed also a lever, and he chose the power of the press. Thus equipped, and standing where the men of 1776 had stood and battled before him for political liberty, he began with unrivalled zeal to throw the whole weight of his great soul upon the end of his lever of more than Archimedean power.

The precise spot where he began operations by the publication of the *Liberator* was in one of the upper rooms of the building then standing on the northeast corner of Congress and Water Streets and known as Merchants' Hall. Oliver Johnson, a life-long friend and coadjutor has left this photographic impression of the place: "The dingy walls, the small windows bespattered with printers' ink, the press standing in one corner, the composing stands opposite, the long editorial and mailing tables covered with newspapers, the *bed* of the editor and publisher on the floor." Had he introduced into his negative a negro boy and the office cat, the picture would have been

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

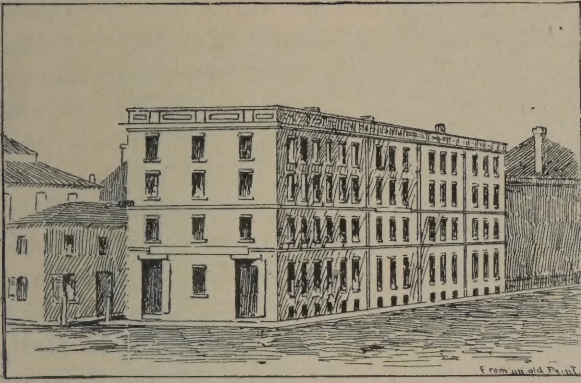
REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE HEADING OF "THE LIBERATOR."



Anti-Slavery Boston had its origin in Garrison and the *Liberator*. The time was the winter of 1831. In 1829 the

complete.

Harrison Gray Otis has also preserved for us a realistic sketch of this cradle



Merchants' Hall in 1831.

CORNER OF CONGRESS AND WATER STREETS.

room of a great cause. A copy of the *Liberator* had found its way to Robert Y. Hayne, then United States senator from South Carolina. He did not throw it aside as of no consequence. On the contrary he was so evidently impressed that he wrote to his friend, Mr. Otis, then mayor of Boston, for information respecting the paper and its editor. Mr. Otis thereupon exerted himself and sent an officer to ferret out the man whose composing stick had begun to trouble the waters in a distant state. The officer went and saw, but the word which he brought back was not calculated to disturb the serenity of so great a man as our Boston mayor; for he wrote the Carolina senator: "His [Garrison's] office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colors."

Bearing its obvious limitations in mind, this was a

perfectly accurate description of the paper and its editor. What the Whig leader saw he depicted with bold and telling touches; but he did not see all. The masterful soul and idea were beyond his ken. It required a poet's vision to detect these and read them aright. This the genius of Lowell did in the noble verses beginning, —

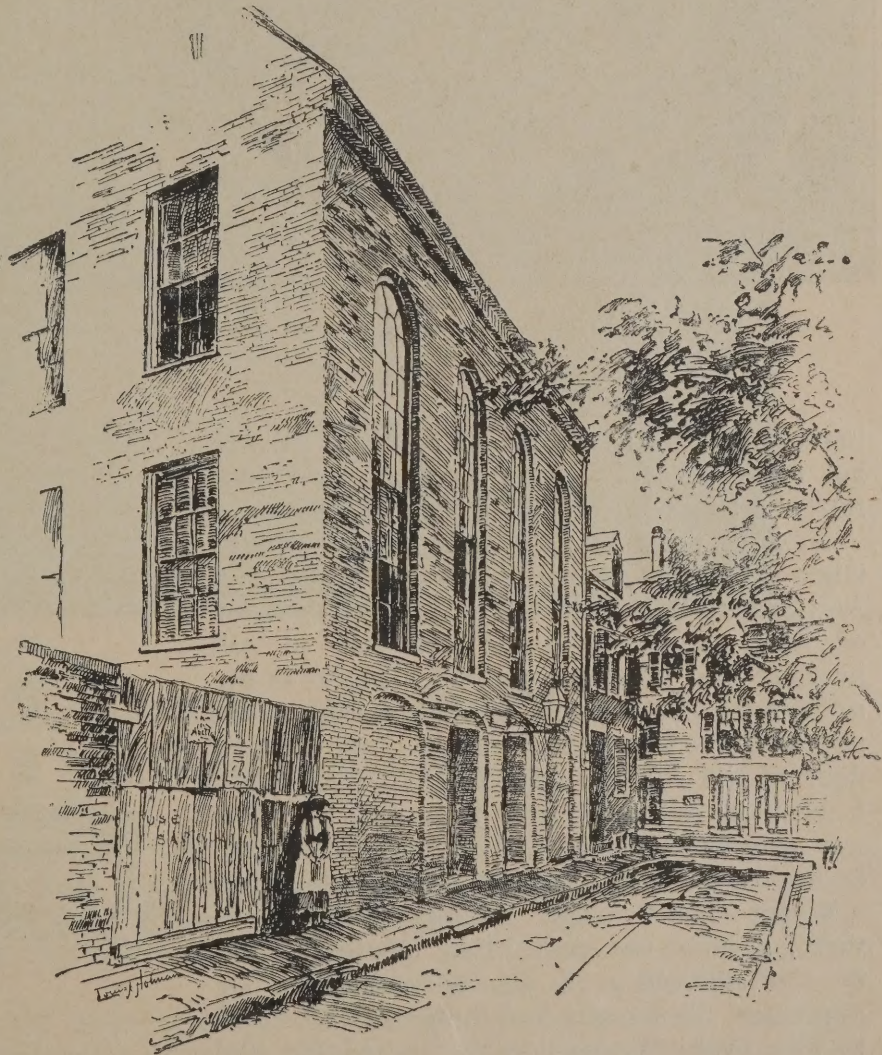
"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young
man.

The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began." —

and ending :

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain,
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain."

It was in this small, dark chamber that Garrison, brave as Luther, wrote those



Joy Street Church.



Maria Weston Chapman.
FROM A DAGUERROTYPE, ABOUT 1847.

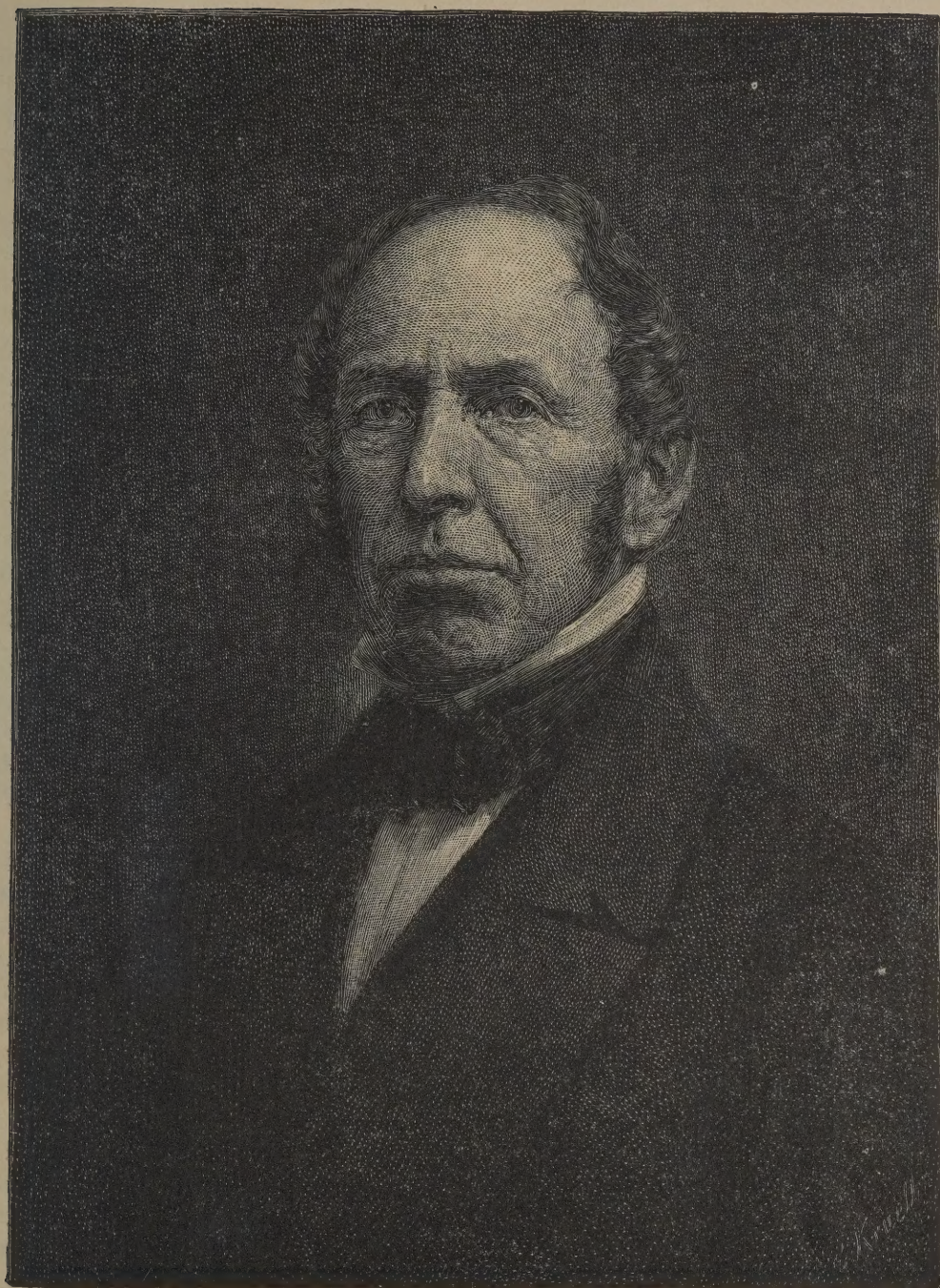
had imparted to them the mystery of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In this room gathered on the evening of January 6, 1832, fifteen brave and earnest souls. Their names it is well to repeat: They are William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, Henry K. Stockton, David Lee Child, Samuel E. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring. Twelve, the apostolic number, went away from that meeting, the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Just as the little company was about to separate at midnight, the spirit of prophecy fell on Garrison, who said to his followers: "We have met to-night in this obscure schoolhouse; our numbers are few and our influence limited; but, mark my predictions,

immortal words: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL BE HEARD."

Next in point of time and perhaps importance is the building where was formed the first Anti-Slavery Society of the period. The scene of this momentous event was laid in still humbler and obscurer quarters. It was in the schoolroom for colored children (Boston did not then tolerate mixed schools), on the first floor of the African Baptist Church on Smith Court, off Belknap (now Joy) Street. This was the despised negro section of the city, known in the Pro-Slavery slang of the day as "Nigger Hill." The building still stands there, a small two-story brick meeting-house. In the auditorium in the second story, the oppressed black man had the gospel preached to him every Sunday; while in the big dim room underneath, his children, on week days,



The Old State House at the time of the
"Broadcloth Mob"



Francis Jackson

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1860.

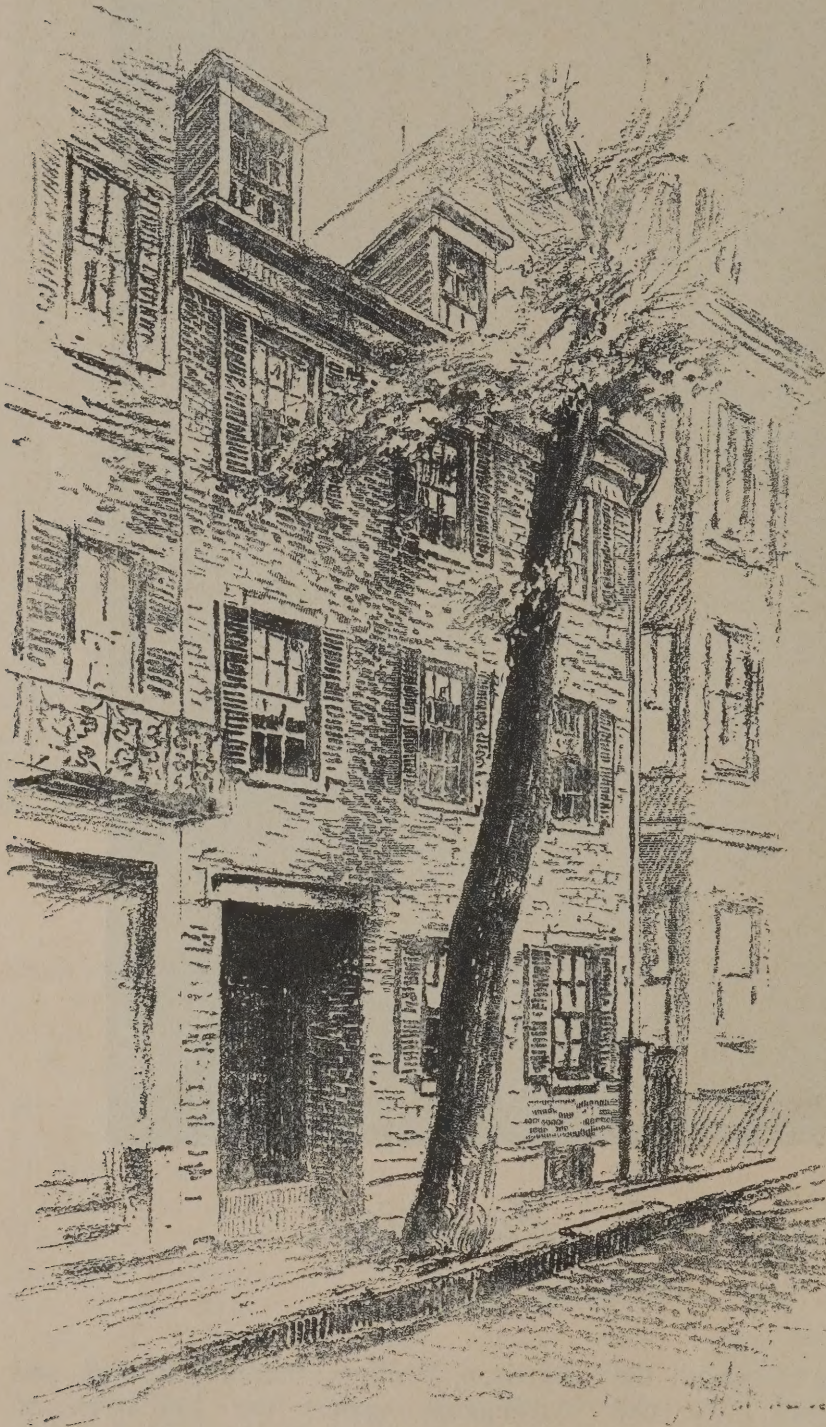
Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power." A few years sufficed to justify the young leader's confidence.

About this homely old meeting-house cluster stirring memories and illustrious names. Here in after years thundered

Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Wilson, and Burlingame against the barbarism of slavery and the aggressions of the slave power. And here, when driven from Tremont Temple by a Pro-Slavery mob, Wendell Phillips once led his supporters and made his speech. Frederick Douglass, who was present, gives in a letter to

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore a graphic account of this meeting: He says: "In the last demonstration of Pro-Slavery mob violence in Boston just before the war, when a sacrifice was wanted for the slave god of the South, and it was proposed to shed

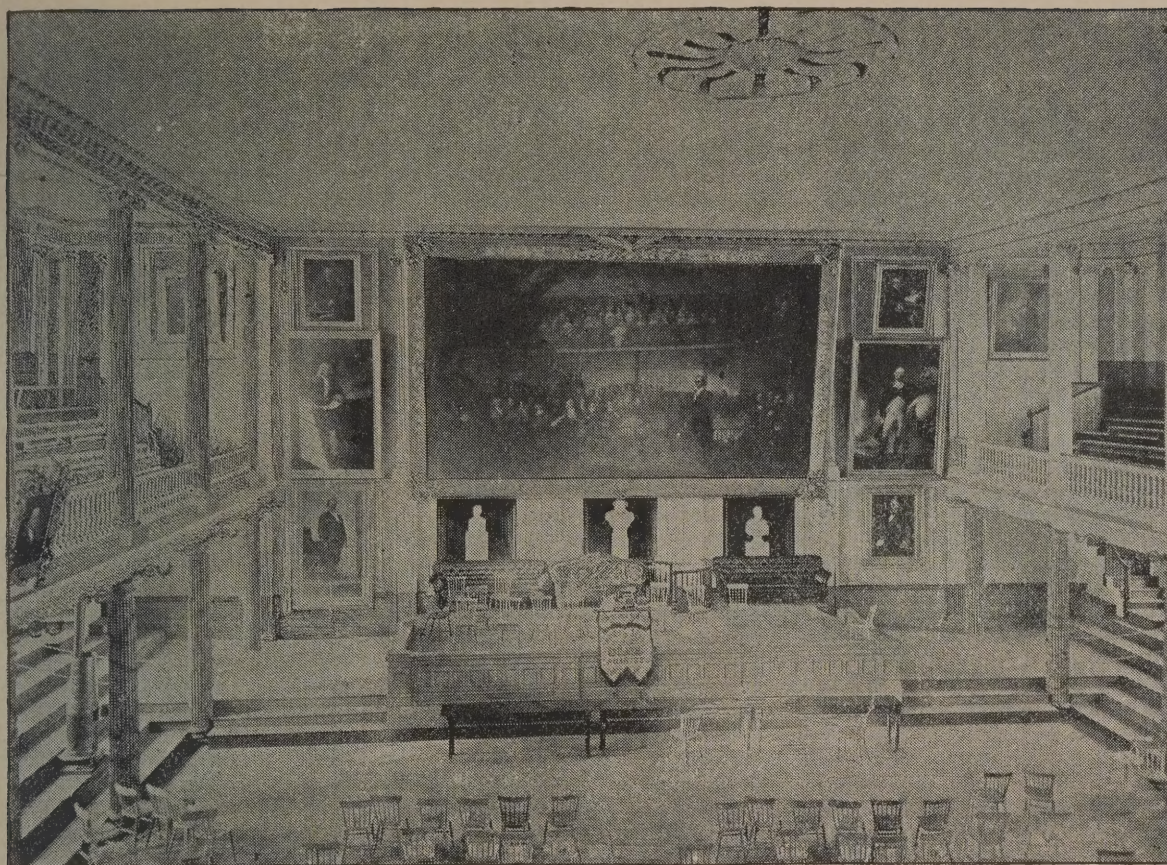
threading her way with him through the frantic and howling mob, as calm and serene as a rainbow over a thundering cataract. With a solicitude which deadened all sense of my own danger, I followed and watched these two noble people elbowing their way through the dense and excited mass, from Cambridge Street, through Belknap (Joy) Street, to the little Baptist Church once presided over by Father Snowden. I shall never forget the sense of relief when I saw them both safely seated in the little pulpit, with John Brown, Jr.—a true son of the hero of Harper's Ferry. John Brown, Jr., with two loaded pistols by his side, had already given direction how the congregation should behave for safety, in case a rush should be made upon the pulpit by the mob, which was howling at the door and around the building. Happily no rush was made—had there been, no doubt there would have been blood shed that night. Mrs. Chapman sat there like a guardian angel, doing more, no doubt, by the power of her noble womanly courage and serenity to hold that mob in check than the presence of the deadly weapons in the hands of the brave John Brown, Jr." At the close of the meeting the great orator and a few friends, finding themselves shut in on Smith Court by the "frantic howling mob,"



House of Francis Jackson, 31 Hollis Street.

the blood of Wendell Phillips for the purpose, I saw this noble woman [Maria Weston Chapman] leaning on his arm,

defiled silently through the narrow L-shaped passageway running between Joy and North Russell Streets, and thus

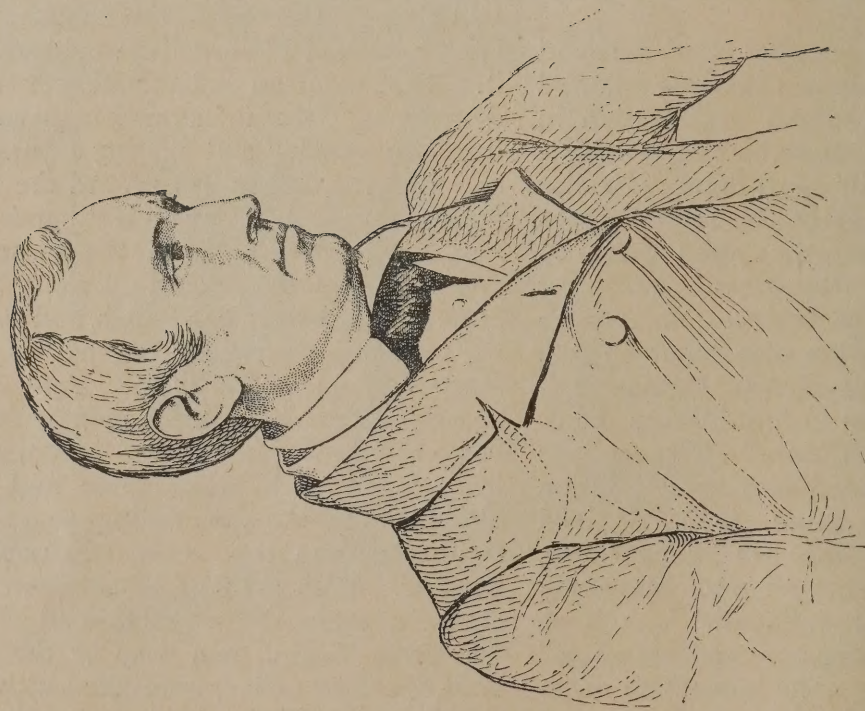


Faneuil Hall.

escaped the malice and violence of their enemies.

The formation of the New England Anti-Slavery Society in 1832 was followed by that of the national organization in 1833. From this time the tide of Abolitionism rose rapidly to its flood. So also did the counter tide of Pro-Slavery opposition. The consequence was a season of mobs all over the free states. The most memorable of the lawless attempts to abolish the Abolition movement in the North occurred in Boston, October 21, 1835. It is known in Anti-Slavery annals as the "Broadcloth Mob." The sections of the city associated with the Abolition movement, were more than doubled that day before the sun went down, by the performances of that eminently "respectable and influential" mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" in the community. The immediate occasion of the riot was the annual meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society that afternoon, at their hall in the building then numbered 46 Washington Street, situated midway between State

Street and Cornhill, and the expectation that George Thompson, the famous English orator and Abolitionist, would address it. That noon an inflammatory handbill denouncing "that infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson" and offering a purse of one hundred dollars "to reward the individual, who shall first lay violent hands" on him, was distributed "in the insurance offices, the reading-rooms, all along State Street, in the hotels, bar-rooms, and among the mechanics at the North End," and so scattered about the town. And from every quarter of the town, men gathered to do the deed or to witness the outrages, insomuch that between three and four o'clock they were, according to various estimates, from two to five thousand in number. Both sides of Washington and State Streets in the neighborhood of the Old State House, then used as the City Hall and Post Office, were filled with the spirit of mischief. The multitude lay extended like a huge irregular cross. The head darkened in front of the Anti-Slavery offices, the foot reached to Joy's Building; one arm embraced the Old State



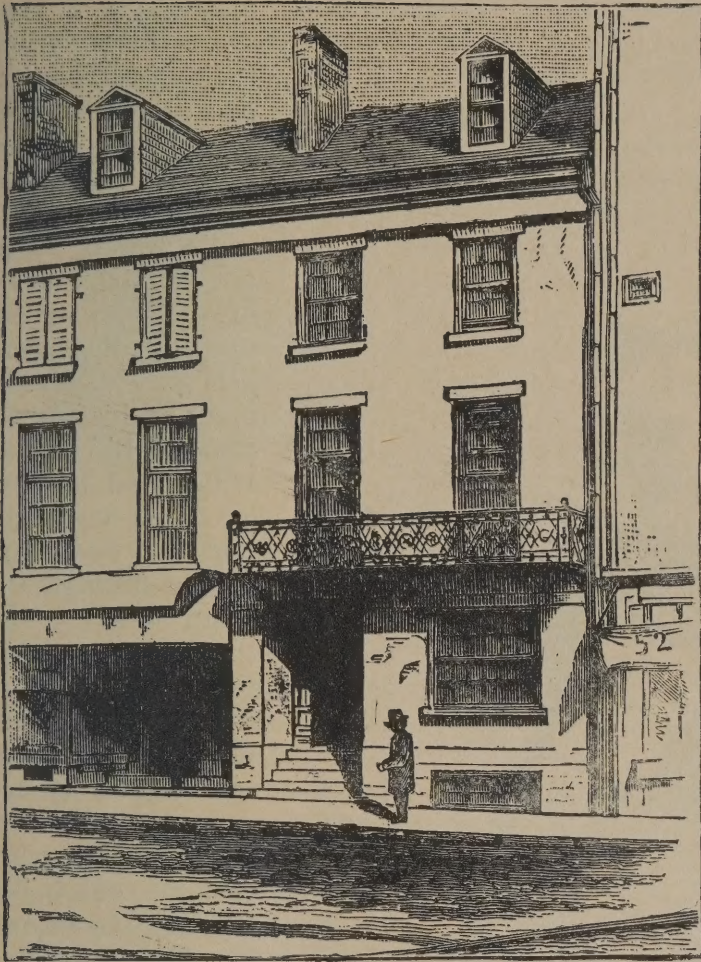
Wendell Phillips

FROM THE "LIBERTY BELL," 1845; THE ORIGINAL AN ETCHING BY
J. ANDREWS, FROM A DACTYLOTYPE BY SOUTHWICK.



Ann Greene Phillips.

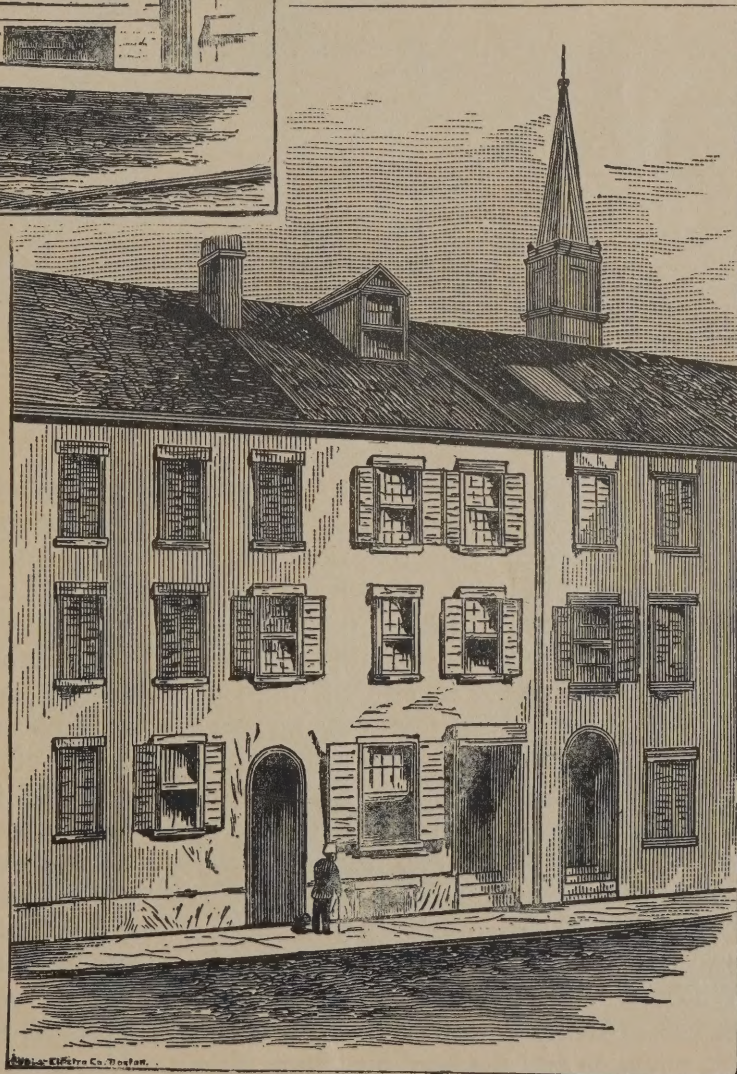
FROM A SILHOUETTE MADE IN LONDON IN 1841.



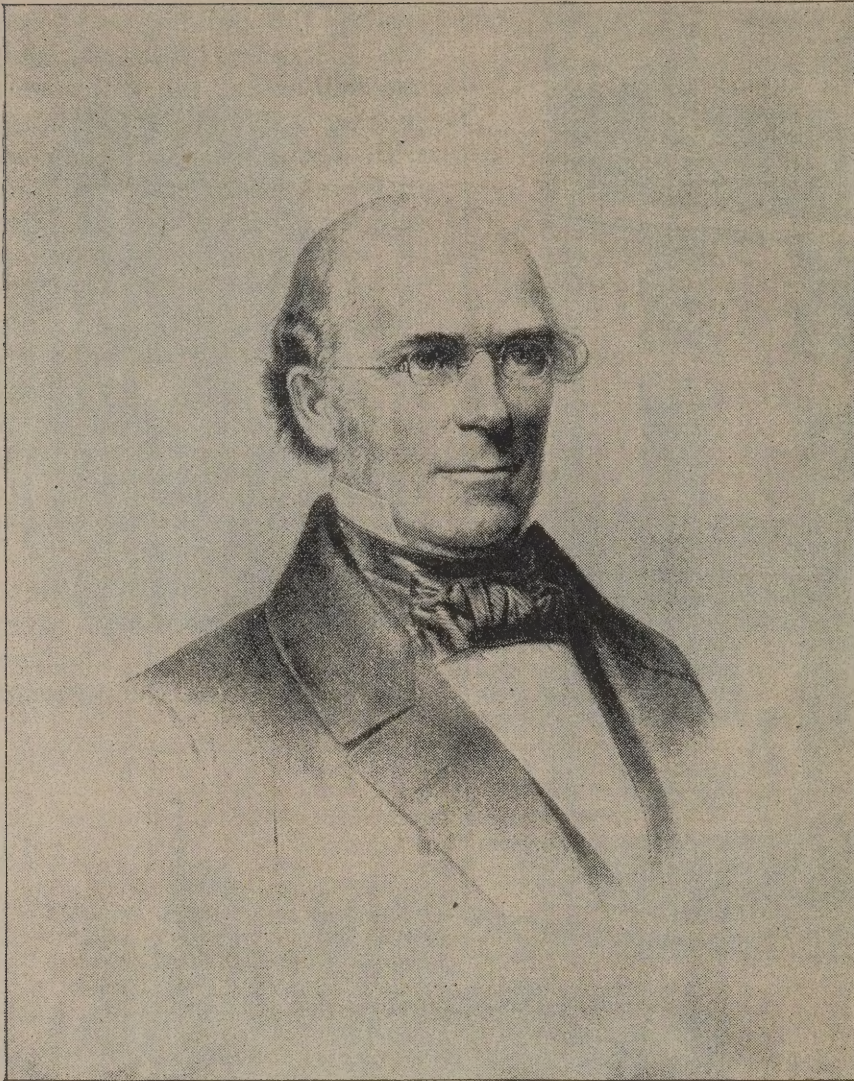
Wendell Phillips's House in Essex Street.
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

House, while the other stretched along Court Street to the Court House. The motive which created the riot was hatred of the Abolitionists; its purpose to "smoke out" George Thompson, and treat him to a kettle of tar and feathers. The non-appearance of Mr. Thompson defeated the designs upon himself. Mr. Garrison had also been invited to address the ladies that afternoon; and he was present. Missing Thompson, the mob turned upon him with the fury of madmen. Reading aright the omen of the storm which was gathering about them, the ladies advised Mr. Garrison to retire from the hall. This he prudently did, but instead of

leaving the building went into the *Liberator* office adjoining the hall, where the ladies were making heroic efforts to proceed with the business of their society, and there employed himself, with that marvellous serenity which never deserted him, in writing an account of the riotous demonstrations to a distant friend. But he did not finish the letter, for the rioters, rushing into the hall in search of him, had kicked out the panels of the door leading into the room where he was calmly writing. Escape was not possible, but the presence of mind of Charles C. Burleigh saved him from instant violence. At this crisis, too, the attention



Mr. Phillips's House in Common Street.—From an old Print.



Theodore Parker.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GROZELIER ABOUT 1855.

of the mob was directed to the Anti-Slavery sign, which hung from the office over the street. This the rioters below demanded to have thrown down to them; and this by order of the mayor was directly done. Garrison could not possibly be got out of the front end of the building. Out of the rear, therefore, he and his friends sought a way. But this, too, was impossible; for the mob with its ten thousand eyes was searching for him within the building and scanning every window from without. He was finally discovered in a carpenter's shop in the rear, and made to descend by a ladder into Wilson's Lane, now a part of Devonshire Street. At the bottom he was seized by his enemies and dragged into State Street, in the rear of the Old State House. The

mob threw a rope around his body, tore the clothes from his back, the hat from his head. Some were for murdering him on the spot; while others stood out for milder measures. This division, undoubtedly, saved his life. Mayor Lyman and his officers came to his rescue. Pulled and hustled, he was at length got into the Old State House through the south door. But the fury of the mob grew so alarming at the escape of their victim, that the officials, as a last desperate resort to save from destruction the old building and Garrison's life, determined hastily to commit him to jail as a disturber of the peace. It was out of the north door that Garrison was now smuggled. He was got

into a hack in waiting, and after a terrific struggle with the maddened multitude, the horses started at break-neck speed through Court Street to Bowdoin Square, through Cambridge into Blossom Street, and thence to Leverett Street jail, the mob pursuing the flying vehicle to the very portals of the old prison. Here the editor of the *Liberator* was locked into a cell, and there spent the night of October 21, 1835.

The jail, which was situated on the north side of Leverett Street near the corner of Causeway Street, was demolished in 1852. The morning after his incarceration, Garrison made upon the walls of his cell this inscription: "William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to



Col. T. W. Higginson.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING
THE WAR.

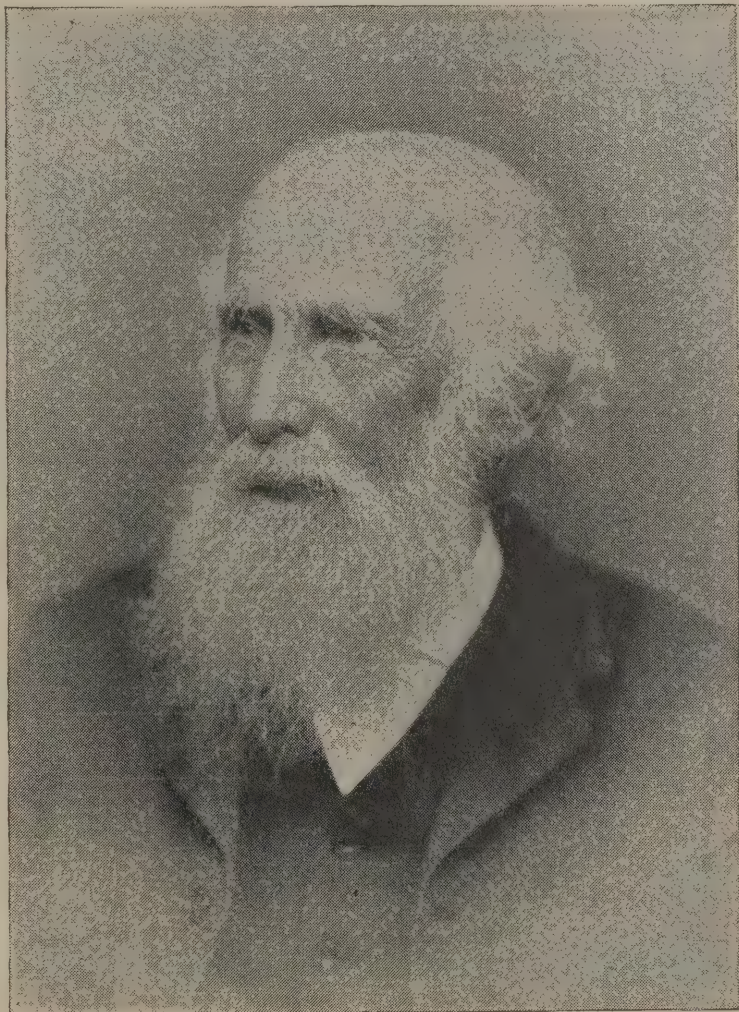
save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. Hail Columbia! Cheers for the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey! Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotic land be loosed from his fetters!"

Just around the corner from the jail, at No. 23 Brighton Street, Mr. Garrison and his heroic young wife lived at the time. Five weeks before the mob, a strongly built gallows, having two nooses dangling from it, one for Thompson and one for Garrison, was erected before their front door. The house was one of several in a brick block. The block still stands, but exactly which of the dwellings is the identical one occupied by the Garrisons cannot now be satisfactorily established.

When the Female Anti-Slavery Society was driven

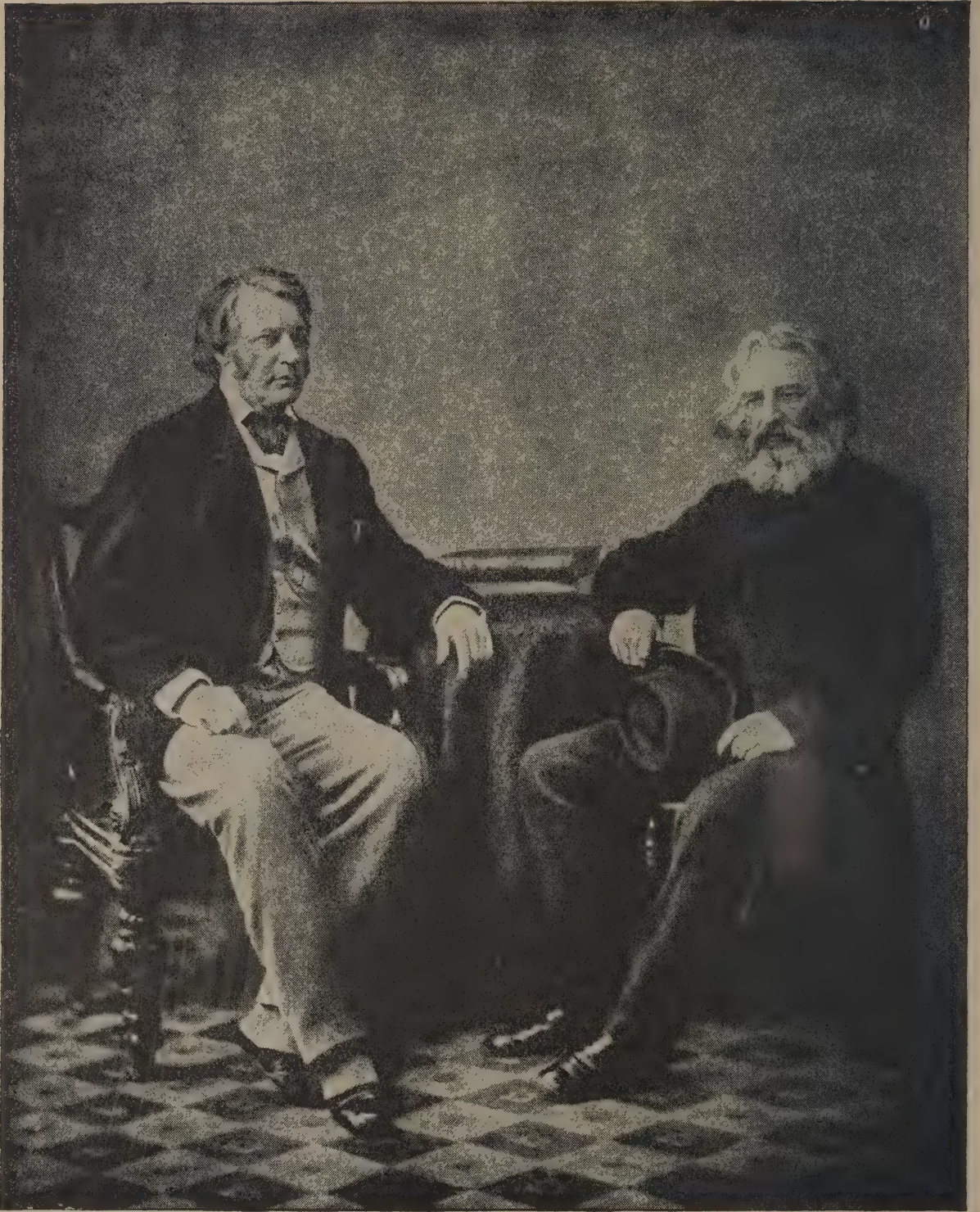
from its hall by the mob, the ladies, on invitation of Francis Jackson, retired to his house, but finding Mrs. Jackson seriously ill went to the home of Maria Weston Chapman, at No. 11 West Street, where they finished their annual business. When Mayor Lyman represented to the ladies that afternoon, at 46 Washington Street, that it was dangerous for them to remain in their hall, it was Mrs. Chapman who undauntedly replied: "If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere." James Russell Lowell has preserved for us the portrait of this beautiful and accomplished woman in the following lines:

"There was Maria Chapman, too,
With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,
The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,
Originating everywhere
The expansive force without a sound
That whirled a hundred wheels around;
Herself, meanwhile, as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæan Sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn."



Elizur Wright.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1883.



Charles Sumner and Longfellow.

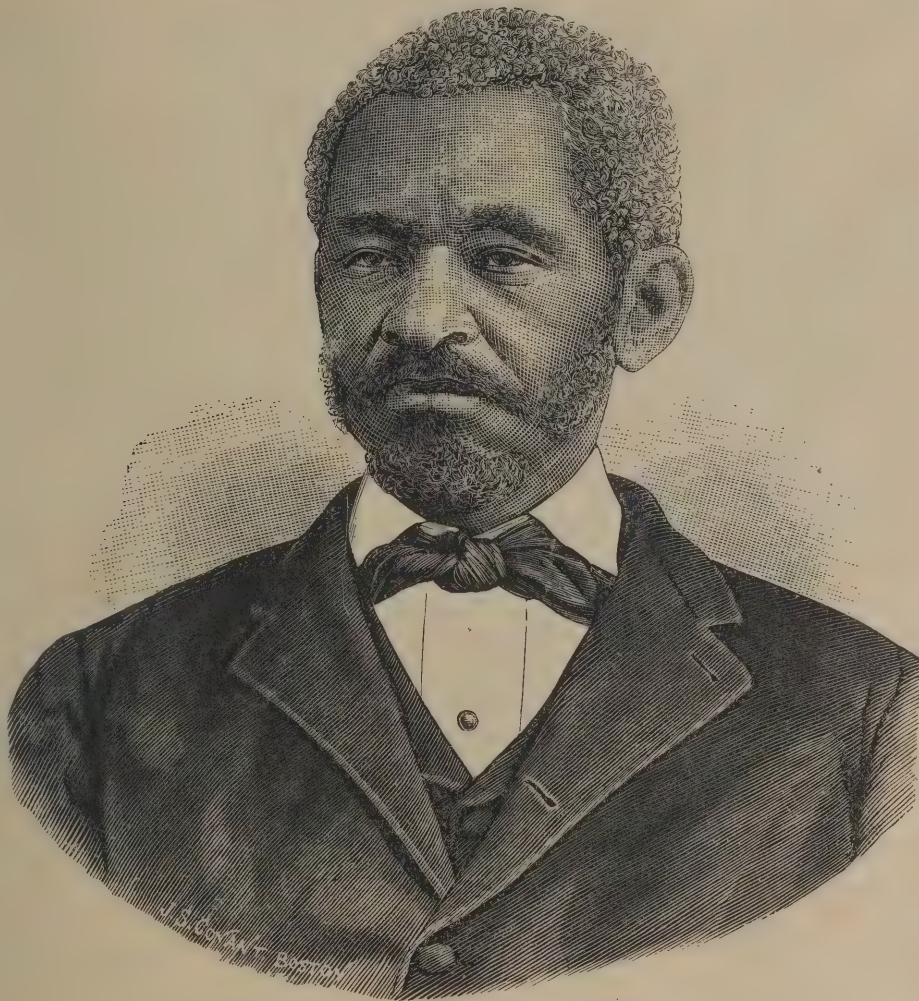
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

She was, as Mr. Lowell puts it, the mainspring of the Anti-Slavery Fairs, which were at first held in her parlors. Her home in West Street, and later at 39 Summer Street, was for a decade the social centre of Anti-Slavery Boston. Edmund Quincy, when in the city, could always be found there.

Number 31 Hollis Street will be remembered with emotion as long as any of the old Abolitionists or their descendants survive; for there lived Francis Jackson, one of the staunchest of Mr. Garrison's supporters. It has already been remarked that upon the breaking up of the meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery So-

ciety by the "Broadcloth Mob," the ladies, on invitation of Mr. Jackson, retired to his house, but, owing to the illness of the hostess, finished their business at the home of Mrs. Chapman. The invitation to the society to hold a meeting at 31 Hollis Street was subsequently repeated and accepted. On November 19, less than a month after the riot, the ladies held a notable meeting in the parlors of Mr. Jackson, a meeting

1835, Wendell Phillips declared twenty years afterward, was owing to "fifty or sixty women and *mainly to one man*," — Francis Jackson, who gave to the women driven from their hall the use of his house. "And if in defence of this sacred privilege (free speech) . . . this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth," wrote Mr. Jackson in reply to a note of thanks from the society, "let them fall if they must; they cannot crum-



Lewis Hayden.

never to be forgotten in Anti-Slavery circles. Harriet Martineau, then visiting Boston, graced the occasion by her presence and voice, bravely avowing then and there, in words which could not be misunderstood, her full agreement with the principles of the society. There also sprang up between her and Mrs. Chapman a close and lifelong friendship. That free speech was saved in Boston in

ble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me after their owner shall have been whipped into silence." Braver words in face of graver peril were never uttered by his Puritan or Revolutionary forefathers. "History, which always loves courage," said Phillips, "will write them on a page whiter than marble and more incorruptible than gold." Certainly the words and the



Dix Place—Residence of William Lloyd Garrison.

memorable circumstances which called them forth ought to suffice to make the old dwelling-house, which still stands, a landmark of the times when men and women struggled and died for liberty.

For many years it chiefly fell to Mr. Jackson and his neighbors, the Garrisons, "to offer welcome and entertainment to Anti-Slavery lecturers, country delegates and visitors to the various Anti-Slavery anniversaries, newly-made converts, strangers from abroad, and fugitive slaves. "There were others," wrote Mr. Garrison,

from whom we quote, "who gave us their company because of our interest in the cause of temperance, or non-resistance, or some other movement, or because of some peculiar crochet of their own." It was a "constant influx, not without its trials and embarrassments, but more commonly with its enlivening influences."

One chamber in 31 Hollis Street Francis Jackson devoted as a room of refuge for fugitive slaves, and many there were who found shelter therein. "I cannot withhold my aid from them," he wrote shortly before his death, "I cannot deny them while I have my strength left. They, and the millions they have left, are my system of Theology, my Religion, my Atonement. I have helped to enslave them—my father helped; unknowingly, it may be, nevertheless, helped. I believe in this kind of Atonement; my reason accepts no other. I believe the slaves are God's chosen people."

Just across the street from this historic house stood Hollis Street church, theatre now, not wanting in dramatic action then. For, from its pulpit, brave and eloquent John Pierpont renewed, Sunday after Sunday, his contest with the rum power and the

slave power intrenched within the pews. He was sustained in his prolonged contest with these twin abominations by the strong arms and unflagging zeal of Francis Jackson and Samuel May, that sturdy Boston merchant, who, like John Hancock, preferred liberty to dollars and dividends. The name happily survives, and with added lustre, in the venerable son who worthily bears it, and who occupied a position of marked influence and usefulness in the moral movement against slavery.

Some buildings are a kind of palimpsest in brick and wood, several periods having written upon them, one over another, their different stories. Such a building is Faneuil Hall. Here the patriots of 1776 rocked the cradle of American Independence. Here in later years their successors nursed the genius

the friends of freedom. After this memorable beginning the old hall did literally echo with the principles of the Anti-Slavery reform. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Parker, Wilson, Quincy, the two Adamses, father and son, Pillsbury, Douglass, Higginson, Howe and John A. Andrew became in time familiar figures on its



Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison.

of universal emancipation. Again and again its walls rang and echoed with those principles which, at midnight and in the obscure room, Garrison had foretold would ere long, "shake the nation by their mighty power." The prophecy received remarkable and splendid fulfilment five years afterward, in the great meeting called to denounce the murder of Lovejoy, and which gave to Wendell Phillips the opportunity to make that marvellous speech which placed him at its close in the front rank of orators and of

platform. Over and over, as the strife waxed between freedom and slavery, did the "pictured lips" of Otis and Quincy, Adams and Hancock, "break into voice," through those, their real descendants, in defence of the rights of man. If great names and eloquence and transcendent service in the cause of humanity have power to consecrate any place, then surely is Faneuil Hall doubly consecrated and sanctified.

That gloomy granite structure, the Court House, has also its stirring story

and associations. During fugitive slave times it was the scene of some of the saddest and most exciting acts in the history of Boston. In 1851, pending the trial of Sims, it was girdled with heavy chains to prevent a rescue by the friends of the doomed man. That they might enter the building, the judges of the Supreme Court, among whom was their grand old chief, Lemuel Shaw, bowed their judicial necks under the infamous fence. Two months before, Shadrach,

teeth in expectation of an attempt to rescue the wretched man. A company of Anti-Slavery friends had, notwithstanding the obstacles and danger, resolved that Burns should not be sent back to slavery. In execution of this resolution, a band of Abolitionists, prominent among whom were T. W. Higginson and Lewis Hayden, burst open the middle door on the west side of the Court House by means of a heavy beam of wood. During the *melee* which followed, one of the mar-

shal's guard was killed by a pistol shot. Just how or by whom the fatal shot was fired has never been settled. The deed demoralized the band of rescuers, who stood not on the order of their going, but in a kind of panic beat a precipitate retreat, leaving poor Burns to his keepers and his too tragic fate.

On the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets stands the house where Wendell Phillips was born. It was there that his mother held up his "baby feet" to walk for the first time the streets of the old town which he loved inexpressibly, and which also, when a man, he was to make "too sacred for the footsteps of a slave." But the small two-story brick house on Essex Street—into which he and his invalid bride moved in November, 1841, and in which they were together for more than forty years, in joy and sorrow, through the storm and sun-



John A. Andrew.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

another fugitive, was spirited away out of the sinister-looking old temple of justice, by a party of colored men under the lead of Lewis Hayden. Shadrach's rescue was effected through the east door opposite where now stands Young's Hotel extension on Court Square. On the night of May 26, 1854, the Court House wore to the friends of freedom in the city a particularly villanous aspect; for within its cruel walls crouched Anthony Burns, a prisoner. It was, besides, armed to the

shine of the long conflict for freedom—was, beyond all other places, "bound up with every fibre of his heart." Not anywhere within the limits of the city exists a more sacred spot than was this homely little house, with its small parlors and diminutive bedrooms; for there lived and labored one of the purest spirits and most consummate orators of the century. It was demolished in 1882, to make room for the Harrison Avenue extension.

Here is a specimen of the scenes which

the invalid wife grew accustomed to expect when the husband went off "abolitionizing." The time was Sunday, December 21, 1860, the day after the secession of South Carolina from the Union; and the particular "abolitionizing," the masterpiece of invective delivered that morning in Music Hall, called "Mobs and Education." The speech was a philippic against the enemies of free speech, who were the "friends of the Union." Rarely had the great orator been so merciless and terrible. His words stung to madness the prejudice and hatred of his foes. The storm of passion which had gathered around him as he spoke, burst as, under the escort of a score of friends, he emerged from the Winter Street entrance to the hall. As soon as the crowd, which was choking the passageway, caught sight of him, it set up angry cries, such as, "Crush him out!" "Bite off his head!" at the same instant rushing forward to carry out its murderous purpose. But the resolute front of the body-guard of the inspired lasher of iniquity, backed by the energy of the police, balked the mob. We will let the *Liberator* finish the story.

"On entering Winter Street, the mob, which almost blockaded the street, yelled and hissed and gave vent to their impotent rage by such cries as those given above; but the party proceeded down the street and up Washington Street, surrounded by a strong detachment of police, and followed by an immense throng of people, many of them friends of Mr. Phillips, and determined to protect him from injury. The singular procession excited the attention of people living on the route largely, and the windows looking on the street were crowded with faces expressing wonder and curiosity. Arrived at his house on Essex Street, Mr. Phillips entered, with a few of his friends, when three cheers were given by some of those present, which were answered by hisses from the other side. Deputy-Chief Ham then requested the crowd to disperse, which they did, though somewhat slowly, and with manifest reluctance. So ended the disgraceful scene."

From the Essex Street home the Phillipses moved to No. 37 Common Street, where during the last two years of his life Wendell Phillips lived, and there he died. There died also Ann Phillips, his wife, a woman cast in the large mould of a true daughter of freedom.

To quote from the excellent memorial

sketch of Mrs. Phillips by Mr. Francis J. Garrison:

"For some years Essex Street was the centre of the small Anti-Slavery community of Boston. Within five minutes walk to the south lived Francis Jackson and Samuel and Mary May, on Hollis Street, and the Garrison family, on Dix Place. Not much farther away, in the opposite direction, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, on Winter Street; while just around the corner to the north were Theodore Parker's house on Exeter Place, Miss Mary G. Chapman's on Chauncy Street, (the Boston home of the Weston sisters and Mrs. Chapman, when they came to the city,) and Charles F. Hovey's on Kingston Street. Mr. Phillips has told how often, as he looked from his own chamber window late at night, when some lecture engagement had brought him home in the small hours of the morning, he saw the unquenched light burning in Theodore Parker's study."

The house numbered one on Exeter Place was not only the library and study of a great scholar, with books everywhere, covering the walls of every room and of the stairways, running like a luxuriant vine from front hall to attic, but the resounding smithy of the New England Vulcan of the pulpit, where were forged those thunderbolts against wrong which he launched from the platform of Music Hall at statesmen and their wicked measures. From the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850, to the day that the mighty and militant preacher of righteousness passed out of it to meet the death angel under Italian skies, the house was a focal point, about which revolved the Anti-Slavery forces of the city. Here was harbored Ellen Craft, and here with her in the house the "fighting parson" wrote his Sunday sermon, a loaded pistol lying meanwhile on his desk. It was here on the evening before Thanksgiving Day of the year 1854, that Theodore Parker was arrested for violating the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. The house, which, alas! has disappeared before the southward march of business "improvement," was at once the Mount of Transfiguration and the Gethsemane of a modern prophet, who proved himself in very deed a fetter-breaker and genius of universal emancipation.

On Avery Street lived that accomplished scholar and great-hearted defender of the rights of man — Elizur Wright, who ably edited the Boston *Chronotype*, in associa-

tion with Dr. Samuel G. Howe and Frank W. Bird, during the Fugitive Slave Law days.

On Phillips Street still stand two of the landmarks of Anti-Slavery Boston; viz., the home of the late Lewis Hayden, and the Baptist Church for colored people. In the latter was held many an Anti-Slavery meeting addressed by nearly all of the prominent leaders. Here Governor Andrew preached, on occasional Sunday mornings during the war, sermons fitted to the needs of his hearers and the exigencies of the hour. There are those who well recall these occasions when the war governor turned parson for an hour, and his coming into the church leading by the hand his son John, then a child, now a Massachusetts member of Congress.

Lewis Hayden's house, No. 66 Phillips Street, was a rendezvous of that band of Anti-Slavery men who believed that resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law was obedience to God. There went Phillips, Parker, Dr. Bowditch, and others of their mind, to talk over plans and perfect arrangements to defeat the execution of the law. And there at times John Brown, the stern believer in blood and iron as a deliverer, brooded and schemed for the slave. Some there are who well remember when William Craft was in hiding here from the slave catchers, and how Lewis Hayden had placed two kegs of gun-powder on the premises, resolved to blow up his house rather than surrender the fugitive. The heroic frenzy of the resolute black face, as with match in hand Hayden stood awaiting the man-stealers, those who saw it declare that they can never forget.

The Melodeon, where now stands the Bijou Theatre, was the first meeting-house of Theodore Parker's society after he began to preach in Boston. It was also the hall where Anti-Slavery meetings were frequently held. Many of Mr. Phillip's masterly speeches, such as "Public Opinion," "The Sims Anniversary," "Philosophy of the Anti-Slavery Movement," were delivered from its platform.

Mr. Garrison gave his first three lectures on Slavery, in 1830, at Julien Hall, situated on the northwest corner of Milk and Congress Streets, on the spot now occupied by the Post Office Extension and

its broad sidewalk. There, also, George Thompson once lectured on the same subject, and experienced a hairbreadth escape from a mob which had secretly planned to seize him. The plot was discovered by Samuel J. May, and frustrated by the coolness and dexterity of the Anti-Slavery women. Here, also, held forth the infidel preacher, Abner Kneeland, a man of blameless life, whom "Christian" Boston persecuted and imprisoned on the charge of "blasphemy."

Anti-Slavery Boston would be palpably incomplete with the imposing figure of Sumner left out. He was, in truth, one of the chief builders of the sacred city of that strenuous martyr age. The site of the house on Revere Street, where he was born, is now occupied by the Bowdoin schoolhouse. But the house which is closely associated with him as an Anti-Slavery leader is the one numbered twenty on Hancock Street. Here were prepared many of his early speeches against slavery; and here, also, the orator declaimed them prior to their delivery in public.

As Anti-Slavery Boston had its beginning in Garrison and the *Liberator*, this article shall find its conclusion in Garrison and the *Liberator* also. The *Liberator* had five successive offices during the thirty-five years of its existence. It took up quarters first in Merchants' Hall, on the corner of Congress and Water Streets. Then for a season it was published at No. 46 Washington Street. Here the landlord, alarmed for the safety of the building at the time of the "Broadcloth Mob," served notice on the publishers to remove the paper. The paper and the society next took rooms at No. 25 Cornhill. Subsequently still, they removed to No. 21 Cornhill, the society occupying rooms in the second story and the *Liberator* in the fourth story; where together they continued until the year before the war, when the inseparables made a final removal to Washington Building, on Washington Street, opposite Franklin. There the paper passed forever into history as one of the greatest reformatory instruments of the century.

From Dix Place, in 1864, its editor removed to 125 Highland Street in Roxbury, which was thenceforth to remain his home

until his death in 1879. There the illustrious reformer found rest from his transcendent labors. As in feudal hall the knights of old put off their armor, and laid aside the powerful lance with which they had fought and overcome; so there, his cause triumphant, this modern knight,

"Who revered his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,"

resigned his arms and the militant weapons of the press. The library and the parlor are to-day an Anti-Slavery museum, crowded full of the records, the relics, and the faces of that tremen-

dous conflict, in which he was the moral leader. It is as if the son had written over each door the legend, "Sacred to *him*, to liberty, and to the mighty movement which *he* started." The old homestead is sacred, besides, to the fragrant memory of that lovely and heroic woman who was, in very truth, the wife and helpmate of William Lloyd Garrison. One cannot remember the husband "without remembering all the beauty of that star,

"Which shone so close beside him, that they made
One light together."

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

By W. P. Dole.

VINCIT qui patitur: so runs the phrase
My fathers chose, speaking to all their race,
In motto brief, what in each age and place
Should be found true. For he who still displays
Patience serene and calm in darkest days
Is victor yet, though Fortune hide her face,
Or sternly frown; though every charm and grace
Fade from the life where pallid sadness stays.
He conquers who endures. Aye! let me learn
To suffer and be strong; nor quite despair,
Though friends prove false, and lying tongues prevail,
And malice work its will; beyond the veil
That hides the future may lie scenes more fair;
May shine a light I cannot now discern.

A DAY IN THE YOSEMITE WITH A KODAK.

By Samuel Douglass Dodge.

FOR every hundred persons living west of the Mississippi River who have seen St. Peter's at Rome, hardly ten, I think it may safely be said, have visited the Yosemite. Two small hotels in the valley are ample for all who may at any

one time seek accommodations, and on an average two coaches a day during the season will carry all who seek conveyance to that place of grandeur. One thing is certain: the foreigner "doing" the United States seldom omits the Yosemite; yet

many an American tourist travelling in California leaves the coast in ignorance of the wonders and beauties of the famous region. On a beautiful Sunday in May of this year, out of sixty-five guests at the Stoneman House, over forty-five were foreigners, most of them on a trip around the world; and that proportion is not unusual during the season. To the foreign tourist the Yosemite ranks with Niagara; and from those who have seen the wonders of nature on every continent the verdict seems to be that the Yosemite stands pre-eminent — the greatest of all.

While during the last quarter of a century railroads have found their way to distant points throughout our land, while the skill of engineers has overcome obstacles seemingly insurmountable, while mountains have been crossed and rocks tunnelled, and busy cities have sprung up where twenty-five years ago were wildness and solitude, the Yosemite to-day is but a few miles nearer a railroad than it was in 1870. And yet the hardships of the journey have been materially lessened; for no longer does the visitor at Clark's Ranch, now the pleasant little hamlet of Wawona, mount the saddle for a ride of twenty-six miles up and down the mountain, but a coach carries him by a fairly good road into the valley, up to the very door of the hotel, and leaves him to enjoy the majestic scenes about him with none of the after-pangs of a long saddle ride. Aside from this improvement, and the generally better condition of the road, through the efforts of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company, the visitor in 1890 sees but little change from twenty years ago. There will be the same trail to take him to Vernal and Nevada Falls, and the same method to get him there; the same road to Glacier Point, Sentinel Rock, and Upper Yosemite Falls. His sure-footed mule or horse will be equipped with a saddle, if not the same, at least equally hard and uncomfortable. At the hotels in the valley he will find accommodations practically the same; and yet, considering the sixty-five miles and more of mountainous road, over which all supplies must be carried for the use of the hotels, and the difficulty in getting and retaining proper help, no one, as he sits down to a fairly good meal at either hotel or pays his seemingly large bill at his departure, will be disposed to grumble; for he will

consider that there is but one Yosemite, and that it is a long way from the beaten track.

It seems almost ridiculous to point a Kodak at those scenes, to which no painting by word or pen or color can do the least justice; and yet as the stage rattles up to the hotel, and the tired and dusty travellers dismount, the little leather cases containing the cameras of the amateur photographers have become so omnipresent that a porter would think something was missing did he not have one slung from either shoulder as he leads the guest to the office. And when, after a rest from the fatigues of the journey, the tourist sets out from the hotel, armed with his instrument, to register, if may be, a few of the many glorious scenes about him, that those at home may enjoy them, there comes a feeling of utter helplessness at the prospect before him. It is like going out to battle with a toy pistol. Even the stately summit of El Capitan seems to look down in scorn at the presuming amateur as he points his camera at his polished side, as if to rebuke him for his effort to catch even a part of his stately grandeur; and the "Spirit of the Evil Wind" at Pohono or Bridal Veil Falls seems to roar more loudly, as if in anger, as it falls like an avalanche of snow over its inaccessible summit. But we apologize to our conscience, that it is only to record the incidents of our trip and to catch such bits as may serve in the future to remind us of our visit, and not that we expect in the remotest degree to portray the scene before us.

The branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad from Berenda to Raymond has now reduced the staging to sixty-five miles, which means that if you leave Raymond at half-past seven in the morning, the next day at noon you will be in the valley. A Pullman sleeper on the six o'clock evening train out of San Francisco lands you without change at Raymond at six in the morning. Here we breakfast at a small hotel owned by the proprietors of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company, and also of the Wawona Hotel, which lies thirty-nine miles away over the mountains, where we shall spend the night after our first day's ride. Having mounted the box seat by the side of Sam Owens, a veteran in the service, whose very presence inspires con-